

wit. In fact, he is in sole possession of the idea that it is wit! Stella Maye and Margie Addies billed as "Daughters of the Regiment of Fun" haven't taken after the rest of the battalion. There isn't a particle of fun in anything they do. Some regiments shoot at sunrise.

"Blackface" Eddie Ross pulls a few ancient ones, but as a whole his performance is a gem and the nonchalant way in which he performs on his African harp and whistles is worth all the money it costs to see the show.

Jue Quong Tai received a splendid reception upon her return. The dainty little Chinese maid has a splendid stage presence and sings well, though her voice might be stronger to her advantage.

"The Councillor," a sketch featuring Charles King and Virginia Thornton, would be better if Miss Thornton did not overdo the part. The sketch has some possibilities.

SOME SYSTEM

A story comes out of Seattle regarding Alexander Pantages who has made millions during the supposed hard times of the past five years. Recently he was in his inner office talking to his Seattle manager, Eddie Milne, when a stranger tried to get in.

"See what that man wants," said Pantages. "If he wants money, you talk to him, if he's got money, let me talk to him." An idea, Mawruss.

VICARS DIDN'T LAUGH

Strangely enough, Herold Vicars, the musical director, did not laugh when John Cort told him recently that he had decided not to use his services this season.

According to Vicars, who had laid his grievance before an attorney, he arranged with Cort last February for a thirty weeks' engagement this season. To his amazement, he says, Cort came to him about two weeks ago, and said, "I've got a great laugh for you; that contract with you is cancelled."

As previously mentioned, Vicars didn't laugh, but he did tell his lawyers to go as far as he liked.

"SOLDIER GOING TO THE WAR"

By Richard Le Gallienne

Soldier going to the war—
Will you take my heart with you,
So that I may share a little
In the famous things you do

Soldier going to the war—
If in battle you must fall,
Will you, among all the faces,
See my face the last of all?

Soldier coming from the war—
Who shall bind your sunburnt brow
With the laurel of the hero,
Soldier, soldier—vow for vow!

Soldier coming from the war—
When the street is one wide sea,
Flags and streaming eyes and glory—
Soldier, will you look for me?

The government official had been telling a simple old Scotch farmer what he must do in the case of a German invasion on the east coast of Scotland. "An' hae I reely tae dae this wi' a' ma beesies if the Germans come?" asked the old fellow at the finish. The officer informed him that such was the law. "All livestock of every description must be branded and driven inland." "Weel, I'm thinking I'll hae an awfu' job wi' me bees!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

WHEN DICKMAN WAS AN ACTOR

Edward F. O'Day has a characteristic sketch of Charlie Dickman of San Francisco in a recent issue of Town Talk. It will be of interest to the many local friends of that great Bohemian, artist, actor, wit and raconteur. Mr. O'Day's latest contribution to Dickman's fame is as follows:

Painter Charlie Dickman met Actor Billy Crane at the Family Club a few nights ago.

"Good evening, master," said the genius of the palette.

"Billy," asked one who overheard, "why does Dickman call you master?"

"Because," answered the distinguished comedian, "I once had the privilege of playing in the same company with him."

Charged with having been a professional actor in the same company with "The Senator," Dickman blushed modestly and admitted the corn.

"That was not my only offense," he vouchsafed; and so it comes about that I am able to give the public a hitherto unpublished chapter in the life of one of California's foremost artists.

"It all started when I was at school in Detroit," Dickman confessed. "I took part in a number of performances, and the rest of the fellows applauded me and said I was great. The result was that I found my way into amateur theatricals. I became stage manager of the Detroit Theatrical Society.

"There was a tragedian named Frederick Loranger playing in Detroit, and he took me into his company. I played the Gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' Tubal in 'The Merchant of Venice' and Francois and de Berenghen in 'Richelleu.' The Detroit Free Press gave me a great sendoff."

"Whom did you know on the Free Press? I demanded suspiciously.

"I didn't know anybody," answered Dickman in a tone of rebuke. "I went on the road with Loranger, touring the central States. A little later I joined the company of John Sullivan and Fannie Moncastle. We were playing at Chatham in Canada one night when I received a telegram from William McConnell, the stage manager for John McCullough, asking me to come to Detroit at once. I went.

"McCullough was at the Detroit Opera House, playing 'Othello.' Frederick Warde was playing Iago, John Lane, Cassio and Augusta Stockman, Desdemona. Barton Hill was in the company too. The Roderigo of the cast had been taken suddenly ill. The first act was just over when I reached the theatre, and Roderigo was lying on a stretcher in the wings.

"For God's sake, Charlie," he said, 'get into these duds and go on.' I had played Roderigo before. Warde, Lane and I rehearsed the duel scene during the entr'acte. They didn't let McCullough know what was happening for fear he'd be rattled. When he got to the end of his speech to Cassio, 'Never more be officer of mine,' he looked at me and saw I was a stranger. So he strode over to the wings and said, 'Who's this kid?' The prompter told him not to worry. After the performance McCullough offered me a position in his company.

"I didn't take it, for I knew I could do pretty well around Detroit. I was a very quick study, and I used to be called in at the eleventh hour to take a part when an actor couldn't go on. I was paid as much as sixty dollars a night for doing this. I remember that one night I played the leading comedy part in 'Michael Earl, the Maniac Lover.' I learned the part between noon and night, and had a single rehearsal with the comedienne.

"When Robson and Crane came to Detroit in 'The Comedy of Errors,' I got a job as a super. Billy Crane drilled us. He looked older than he does today, and that goes whether he reads your article or not!

"Then I was with the Forester Troubadours in

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